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E N O C H,

A

P O E M.

B O O K T H E F I R S T .

The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just.

MILTON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following trifle has long thought, that a Poem not uninteresting might be founded on the History of ENOCH,—that the short account given of him by the sacred Historian might afford ample scope for invention, and that the simplicity of the age which he adorned, might furnish plentiful materials for proper imagery.

It is intended to complete the Work in
Five Books, each containing about Eight
a Hundred

Hundred Lines, the first excepted, which is merely introductory, and with diffidence submitted to the opinion of the Public. If that opinion is favourable, what remains will be produced with all convenient speed. If not, the Author will chearfully relinquish an attempt, to which his hopes had taught him too fondly to aspire.

TO
WILLIAM FORDYCE, M. D.

THIS POEM
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR,

WILLIAM FORBES, M.D.

RESIDENT H. I. P. O. E. M.

RESPECTFULLY

BY HIS ORDER

HUMBLE SERVANT

[1]

B O O K I.

DARING the Bard, who in disastrous times,
When War's loud trumpet summons hosts to arms,
And the shrill pipe awakens men to strive
Amid contending foes!—daring the Bard,
Who hopes in sweet beguiling strains to win
The ardent plaudit, and who fondly aims
To lead attention from the field, and point
The eye to softer Objects; to call forth
Tender sensation from the feeling breast,
And touch the nerve of sympathy; to woo

B

The

The generous soul to fighting, and the bliss
Of melting o'er a Sorrow not her own !

ENOCH my theme ! ENOCH, THE FRIEND OF GOD !
He, who in social intercourse commun'd
With Heaven's dread Potentate. ALMIGHTY POWER !
Wilt thou permit my trembling voice to sing
Thy holy Servant's praise ? O, wilt thou deign
That ray of genius, which the mind illumines,
Calling from darkness light etherial ?

Say, FORDYCE, can a soul like thine descend
From happier scenes, where round the couch of woe
Thy gentle hand Hygeian balm distills,
And genial odours ? Canst thou for a while
Forget

Forget laborious pleasure, to attend
 A Muse untutor'd, as she slowly swells
 Her humble notes, and to the opening view
 Shows the high mountain, or the verdant vale,
 Or ancient times and manners; or perchance
 Attempts a mightier strain, and tunes her lyre
 To life's full tumult, to the wail of woe,
 And the deep tone of anguish? As she sings,
 Her hope is turn'd to thee. If thou applaud,
 Her toil is crown'd with triumph: for thy voice,
 Inform'd by classic elegance, can give
 Celebrity, the Poet's golden meed,
 And stamp fair fame upon his ample brow.

'Twas day eternal; for th'Eternal's smile
 Ineffable diffused celestial radiance,
 And

And fill'd his hofts with transport. On his throne,
 Compar'd to which the Sun at highest noon
 Is but a fading taper—on his throne
 He sat in sovereign splendour; and his eye,
 Capacious as immeasurable space,
 Grasped present, past, and future. “Seraphs—attend!”
 So spake their Maker—“Ye Angelic tribes,
 Swift to obey the mandate of your King,
 With reverence hear JEHOVAH. Our restless Foe,
 Bent to destroy the Man whom we approve,
 Has muster'd all his Legions. Near the bounds
 Of MOLOCH's hated land he leads them on,
 And seeks his baneful temple. To his aid
 DEATH rides on his pale horse, sitting aloft
 In crimson vesture. Impotent are all

The

The dark designs of Hell. My mighty arm
 Shall guard just ENOCH from the threaten'd ill,
 And hurl confusion on them. For his sake,
 Whose piety unequal'd long has won
 My eye to mark him with peculiar smiles,
 I here revoke the stern decree of Fate,
 And save him from the tomb. In vain shall DEATH
 Aim his terrific dart ; in vain the GRAVE
 Open her murky cavern. Yet awhile
 I prove his fortitude, and from his breast
 My wonted help withhold. RAPHAEL ! haste forth ;
 Mortality assume ; attend his steps,
 And soothe his sorrow." Th' OMNISCIENT ceas'd—and
 straight
 Hosannah ! met Hosannah ! high in air ;
 And music, flowing from seraphic tongues,
 Fill'd the gold-spangled mansions ; Music—blest Pow'r,

C

That

That calms the bosom of discordant Man,
 And tranquillizes passion! Such was thine,
 Melodious BROWN,* too long unknown to Fame,
 As from thy touch the stream of harmony
 Issued mellifluent; and the listening dales,
 Echoing responsive to the oaten reed,
 Rais'd Nymphs and Shepherds from the bushy fen,
 To hang o'er plaintive measures. Not less thine,
 O INNES,† (from whose name this homely page
 Derives superior lustre)—not less thine,
 When, by thy magic art inspir'd, the soul
 Awakes to pensive pleasure, as thy voice,
 Sweet harmonizer of the yielding lyre,
 Detains Attention captive.

In

* The late Rev. Mr. BROWN, of *Maxton*, who has left behind him some *Airs*, that for plaintive sweetness have seldom been surpassed.

† ALBERT INNES, Esq.

In night's still shade tir'd Nature finds repose ;
 But no repose finds ENOCH. O'er his head
 Now Time's cold hand had shower'd his fleecy snow,
 And the revealing furrow of deep care
 Was pictur'd on his visage. Yet serene
 His manner, as enur'd to trying scenes ;
 His soul superior rising on the wing
 Of Contemplation. His majestic mien,
 His look sublime, his penetrating eye,
 Temper'd by mildness and benignant grace,
 Created love and rev'rence. RAPHAEL saw,
 (For quick as light he join'd the heaven-rapt Seer,
 And clad in human habit stood reveal'd,
 Of age mature, yet languid, faint, and wan)
 He saw, and soft compassion fill'd his breast,

To

To mark the long relentless train of woe,
 That hasten'd to approach him. "Hail," he cry'd,
 "Most venerable Sage! Canst thou direct
 To where my wearied feet may safely rest;
 And this worn frame, fatigued by weakening toil,
 Enjoy the rights of hospitality?"

"Not far from this," said ENOCH, "is my bower;
 There thou wilt meet refreshment. But, my Son,
 Say, whither, at the hour when Nature's wrapt
 In mantling darkness, are thy lonely way
 And journey pointed?"—"To this rising hill,
 Beneath whose spacious brow the hardy Sons
 Of ERECH dwell, I pass'd through yonder fields,
 And now have gain'd the summit. Rumour's voice
 Spread

Spread wide, that ENOCH, Prophet of our God,
 Was speeding hither. To join the holy Sage,
 I left fair HEBRON, and with anxious aim
 Explore his wish'd-for mansion. "Not in vain,"
 ENOCH replied, "your search: Behold him now;
 And, lo! that Youth who hastens o'er the mead,
 Shall guide you to my dwelling." This was SALAH,
 Child of his love, whose willing hand sustain'd
 His Parents, and whose filial heart was bent
 To cheer their hoary age. Health's purest flame
 O'erspread his dimpled cheek, and peace within
 Pervaded all his bosom. "Why, my Son,"
 Thus spake the reverend Sage, "why does your home
 Lament her Master's absence, at the time
 Of silence, and of fear?"—"Forgive that zeal,

D

Which

Which, as you converse hold with higher Powers,
 Dares venture on your presence. But 'tis dark
 And dreary all around. The fanguined deed
 Is now pursued with eagerness; and Men,
 Accustom'd to the colour of their crimes,
 Dispatch the deadly arrow. Guarding care
 Hasten'd my footsteps hither."—"Well it suits,"
 The Patriarch interrupted, "well it suits
 My tongue to praise thy virtue. Worth like thine
 Shall meet its full reward. I thank thy love
 Sollicitous; but, know, a foul refin'd,
 And free from guilt, may, mid the fearful gloom
 Of night, securely tread, watch'd by that eye
 Whose piercing glance can bid the morning dawn
 From enveloping darkness. This tir'd Stranger

Our

Our best protection claims. Your Mother's grief
 His social converse may relieve, till I,
 Refresh'd by sweet communion with myself,
 Return, and learn his tale." He said no more;
 When SALAH and his heavenly Guest walk'd on
 To reach the Prophet's grove. With gracious ear
 The Seraph listen'd, as the faithful Youth
 Declar'd his Mother's sorrows. "Twelve long years
 Have register'd Man's virtues, and Man's crimes,
 Since AZAZ,* sole supporter of our House,
 Left his fond Parents. From that painful hour
 His Mother's heart has bled; and now her hope
 But centres in the tomb. "Alas!" said ELEONAI,
 (For

* The reason why ENOCH's Son-in-law mentions AZAZ as the sole supporter of his Father's house, Methusaleh being still alive, will appear in another book.

(For such the name the Angel had assum'd)
 Does then the voice of Consolation fail
 To soothe her woe? Wants fair Religion power
 To heal the wounded bosom?" "Ah, said SALAH,
 To moralize, is Wisdom's easiest task;
 To practise patience, her severest law.
 Bid streams, that rolling sweep the mountain's side,
 Go reflux to their source: Tell the big wave,
 When chas'd by tossing tempests, to be still.
 Both will obey thee, rather than the breast
 Impell'd to anguish for a darling Son.
 Maternal fancy o'er my Brother's form
 Long hung enamour'd. To her partial eye
 From him a race of virtuous Heroes rose,
 Supreme in goodness, as in conduct bold;

That

That might restore the lustre of our House,
 And crown her age with gladness. But in vain ;
 A Power superior interpos'd his arm,
 And blasted all her wishes. Th' impetuous Youth
 Sprang at Ambition's dazzling lure, and left
 His Mother plung'd in sorrow. To a clime
 Remote he fearless bent his secret way,
 Intent on warlike deeds. So hop'd his Parents ;
 But art infernal wrought with subtle wiles
 To aggravate their horror. Dost thou mark
 Yon Tower, aspiring effort of rude art !
 Hast thou not heard that it contains a CHIEF,
 Whose potent arm spreads desolation round,
 And incense burns to Moloch ? This is AZAZ ;
 This is just ENOCH's offspring." Mystic Heaven !

Last eve the Prophet heard the mournful tale
 That pierc'd his righteous soul—When rising day
 Displays the verdure of these darken'd fields,
 He goes to meet his Son, to paint his crimes,
 And woo him back to goodness, and to heaven.
 Fruitless attempt! Th' afflicted SALAH cries,
 "What will his voice, though fraught with truth, avail,
 Oppos'd to violence? Rebuke and scorn
 May hurry on the few remains of life,
 And crush him to the grave." "Let hope erase
 These harsh forebodings, fatal to thy peace,"
 Said ELEONAI: "for will that mighty BEING,
 Whose arm supports the universe, forget
 To save the Man that trusts in Him? Say, will He
 Whose care is safety, and whose smile is strength,

Withdraw

Withdraw them from his Servants ? Earth's fair frame
 May sink in ancient darkness ; Heaven's vast dome,
 With all its solid glories, shining round,
 Dissolve to Chaos : but his awful word,
 Who spake them into being, stands secure
 When heaven and earth are vanish'd." "O'er my heart
 Thy words," said SALAH, "sweet refreshment shed,
 Like cooling breeze in summer. MAN, weak Man,
 Nurs'd in the lap of Folly, oft assumes
 The right of judging wisely : but his wisdom,
 Futile and rash, proclaims the child of error."

Thus they commun'd. Mean while the golden Sun,
 Gilding with welcome light the neighb'ring trees,
 Reveal'd the home of ENOCH. Thick beset

With

With various foliage, was the ancient grove,
 And simply beautiful. The slender ozier,
 Wove neatly, form'd the sun-excluding roof,
 Unaided by the ivy. Mimic art,
 That with mock garniture bedaubs our bowers,
 Deform'd not this meek mansion. On the right,
 A palm spread out his branching arms to shield
 The Guest within. A cedar on the left
 Impress'd the view with reverential awe.

DADANAH first, the Wife of ENOCH, came
 To meet the Stranger. On the quick decline
 Of wasting years she stood; and the wet eye
 Declar'd her bosom troubled. Yet compos'd
 Her voice and gesture; for her gentle soul
 Beam'd

Beam'd through the cloud of grief that heavy sat
 On her pale visage. THIRZA next appear'd,
 The Wife of SALAH, Daughter of DADANAH.
 Her Mother's virtues in her beauteous looks
 Shone forth, with Modesty's attemper'd ray.
 Her unaffected mien was dignity
 By meekness soften'd, and by grace adorn'd.
 SALAH beheld her with delighted gaze :
 She met her Lord return'd, with winning smiles.
 Each for the other form'd, their hearts were knit
 In nuptial faith and friendship. First esteem
 Attracted them ; then love confirm'd the tie ;
 LOVE—bright inspirer of the noble soul,
 Chief relisher of life, foother of care,
 Hightener of every joy. 'Twas mighty Love

F

That

That tun'd angelic voices to proclaim
 Good-will to Men. 'Twas LOVE that rang the spheres,
 When, from the depth of Chaos, Heaven's bright host
 Witness'd a rising world. 'Twas LOVE divine,
 That well proportion'd every good to Man,
 And join'd him to his fellows; rais'd his thoughts
 Above the limits of his mortal frame,
 Gave them to follow VIRTUE, study TRUTH,
 To know their Parent, and to WALK WITH GOD.

Thus ENOCH walk'd; and GOD approv'd. But those
 He most approves, he chastens with a frown;
 A frown—his swift-wing'd messenger of pain,
 Pain to the feeling heart, domestic grief
 And anguish. Honour'd ENOCH's race, once fair

And

And flourishing, was marr'd : for now no more
 A numerous Offspring gather'd round his board,
 And as they gather'd, blest'd him : now no more
 The sweet assemblage of inspiring Friends
 Came forth to hail the Prophet. Other views
 His wounded spirit met ; a gloomy train
 Of dire misfortunes, and each threat'ning ill
 That timid Fancy to a Parent's breast
 Presents in all the solemn pomp of woe.

END OF BOOK I.